

**UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM SOUTH CAROLINA PRAISES PE-RUNA.**



Ex-Senator M. C. Butler.

**Dyspepsia Is Often Caused by Catarrh of the Stomach—Peruna Relieves Catarrh of the Stomach and Is Therefore a Remedy for Dyspepsia.**

Hon. M. C. Butler, U. S. Senator from South Carolina for two terms, in a letter from Washington, D. C., writes to the Peruna Medicine Co., as follows:

"I can recommend Peruna for dyspepsia and stomach trouble. I have been using your medicine for a short period and I feel very much relieved. It is indeed a wonderful medicine, besides a good tonic."

CATARRH of the stomach is the correct name for most cases of dyspepsia. Only an internal catarrh remedy, such as Peruna, is available. Peruna Tablets can now be procured

**Largest Leather Belt in the World.**  
A Chicago company has made for a saw mill plant what is claimed to be the largest single leather belt in the world. It was made from pure oak bark tanned leather; is 84 inches in width, three-ply in thickness, and weighs just 2,300 pounds. The belt is 114 feet long; it took the centers of the hides of 225 steers to make it, and each piece of this leather was separately stretched before being placed in the belt. A belt of about the same size has been running for many years at a spinning mill in Ghent.

**Yes, Which?**  
"I went up the Moffat road yesterday," said a Denver young man last night to a Capitol Hill girl he thinks "pretty fine."  
"Is that so?" she replied.  
"Yes," he continued. "Went to an elevation of 11,000 feet. Went through lots of tunnels."  
"Why didn't you take me?" she asked.  
"Might have been hard on your heart," he said.  
She looked at him innocently. "Which," she asked, "the altitude or the tunnels?"  
—Denver Post.

**A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.**

**How a Veteran Was Saved the Amputation of a Limb.**

B. Frank Doremus, veteran, of Roosevelt avenue, Indianapolis, Ind., says: "I had been showing symptoms of kidney trouble from the time I was mustered out of the army, but in all my life I never suffered as in 1897. Headaches, dizziness and sleeplessness, first, and then dropsy. I was weak and helpless, having lost down from 180 to 125 pounds. I was having terrible pain in the kidney, and the secretions passed almost instantaneously. My left leg swelled until it was 64 inches around, and the doctor tapped it night and morning until it could no longer stand it, and then he tried amputation. I refused, and he began using Doan's Kidney Pills. The swelling subsided gradually, the urine became natural and all my pains and aches disappeared. I have been well now nine years since using Doan's Kidney Pills."

For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Oster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

**Worms.**  
"John," asked Mrs. Chugwater, looking upon the paper she had been reading, "is it an octopus?"  
"Antopus," he said, "is a cat with only 41 lives. It is so called to distinguish from the ordinary cat, which has—"  
"Just Chugwater, I don't believe you know."

**How's This?**

We offer Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Cough Cure.  
J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
We, the undersigned, have known J. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.  
Wm. H. Kinsley & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.  
Hall's Cough Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. 25¢ per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.  
Take Hall's Cough Cure for constipation.

**Suspicion.**  
"What's that?" said the stranger.  
"Is a moralized form of government for Gerson Gulch."  
"Strange," answered Broncho Bob, "don't start anything. Whether it's a poker game elsewhere, we're all suspicious of men who know what we want and have expressed ourself. He's blame dextrous."—Washington T.

**CASTORIA**

For Infants and Children. The Kind You've Always Bought. Bears the Signature of J. C. Ayer & Co.

**BITS FOR BOOKWORMS**

English Wordsworthians gathered the other day at the little Leicestershire village, Colarion, in the wildest and most remote part of Charnwood forest, to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the poet's first visit to scenes where he wrote some of his most beautiful poems. Prof. Knight, one of the foremost of living authorities on Wordsworth, read a paper to the assembled pilgrims.

The first almanac printed in Europe was probably the *Kalendarium Novum*, by Regiomontanus, calculated for the three years 1475, 1494 and 1513. It was published at Buda, in Hungary. Though it simply contained the eclipses and the places of the planets for the respective years, it was sold, it is said, for ten crowns of gold, and the whole impression was soon disposed of in Hungary, Germany, Italy, France and England.

"I. G. Wells," said a Chicago publisher, "is a splendid novelist, but he attaches too much importance to the question of style, of finish, and not enough importance to the question of popularity. When Mr. Wells was over here I went about with him a good deal, and one day I showed him the magnificent mansion that one of our leading novelists owns. 'Literature,' I said, encouragingly, 'is different from what it was in Dr. Johnson's and Goldsmith's time. You could live in just such a house as that if you'd write as we publishers want you to, Mr. Wells. You could be a famous novelist, too. In fact, it is easy to be a famous novelist nowadays.' Mr. Wells laughed sourly. 'Yes,' he said, 'in the past the authors died, but their works live. Now the works die and the authors live.'"

David Christie Murray, journalist, traveler, novelist and playwright, died in London recently in his sixty-first year, having been born in English Staffordshire April 13, 1847. Murray was a reporter in Birmingham and London in his youth, was special correspondent of the London Times in the Russo-Turkish war, and his travels in Australia, Canada and the United States were all paid for by his letters written for English papers. His list of forty-five books comprises mainly novels. He wrote too many books and too rapidly—sometimes three in a year—as, for example, in 1886, "Annals of the Republic," "Cyril Fortune" and "First Person Singular"; in 1889, "Old Blazer's Hero," "Novelist's Note Book," "One Traveler Returns"—this last with Henry Herman, of whom we know nothing; in 1893, "A Dangerous Catspaw," "Queen's Smart," "Schwarz," "Young Bartley's Repentance." Murray was a clever man, industrious in his calling, apt in conversation, ready in speech, making addresses on special occasions with a genial fortuity. He had obsessions of late a fondness for mystical speculation. His last writing was an article on "Theories of the Soul," not yet published.

**Breaking It to Him.**  
"Doctor, I suppose I'm an old fool, but I have made a discovery that gives me some uneasiness."  
"What is it, Kadger?"  
"I was passing my hand over my head the other day, and I found one place that's a good deal hotter than any other spot. I thought it was all imagination at first, but it isn't. Put your hand on the top of my head, pretty well back. There, that's the place. Doesn't it feel hotter than the rest of my head?"  
"It certainly does."  
"Well, now, I am anxious to know what that means. If it indicates that there's too much brain pressure at that particular spot, I want to know it. Is it serious?"  
"Kadger, it is."  
"I feared so. Tell me the truth, doctor, no matter what it is."  
"I hesitate to tell you, because—"  
"Doctor, I insist on knowing."  
"Well, if you must know, Kadger, that particular place on your head feels hot to your hand because you're getting a bald spot there."

**A Lost Dollar.**  
A missionary bishop told at a dinner in New York, according to the Sun, this story about F. Marion Crawford, the famous novelist:

"Mr. Crawford went to school," he said, "in Concord, and one day he was taken to call at a Concord clergyman's. The clergyman had a missionary box on his drawing room table, and, time hanging heavily on the boy's hands, he amused himself by trying whether a silver dollar—it was all the money he had in the world, and he had converted it into that gigantic coin for safety—would go into the slit in the box's top. It was a close fit, but unfortunately it did go, and the coin slipped out of the missionary author's fingers. There was a terrible crash of silver falling among the coppers, and then the boy, as the novelists say, 'knew no more.' When he came to himself he found the clergyman and his friends in raptures over his generosity."

**Couldn't Flatter Gov. Oglesby.**  
Senator Shelby M. Cullom, of Illinois, tells this story of the late Gov. Oglesby:

"One day a man, who had a huge favor to ask, went to see Oglesby, and started in to flatter him. He recounted the different high positions Oglesby had held and tried to make the old man feel proud of what he had been and what he was.  
Oglesby listened impatiently for a few minutes to the fulsome flattery, and then arose abruptly and, eyeing his man sharply, blurted out:  
'I'm nothing but a doggone fraud,' and the interview was at an end, the visitor not even having a chance to state his errand.  
'Don't go to any trouble,' people say, when they accept an invitation to dine; but they expect you to

**ON WITH THE SONG.**

Off with the shadow and on with the song,  
The way and the day to the sunshine belong;  
Troubles will vanish and sorrows will flee  
With a song on the lips and a heart full of glee!

Off with the sighing and on with the smile,  
The long lane will turn at the end of the mile,  
And over the ridges the valleys will gleam  
With velvet of violets and purple of dream!

Off with the worry and on with the prayer;  
Life has its throes, but the roses are there!  
Tolling and spinning, O true heart and strong,  
Off with the shadow and on with the song!

—Baltimore Sun.

**Concerning the Dead**

He sat down at Emily's desk to go through her papers. Now that the house was sold, the servants dismissed and he himself back in bachelor quarters, there was no excuse for putting the thing off. And if Emily had known a month ago, he could not help thinking as he opened the drawers that she was to be killed in a railway accident, she could hardly have made his task easier. Neat little bundles, tied up with pink tape and clearly labeled, proclaimed her various activities. "Mothers' Union," "Soup Kitchen," "Sunday School," "Book Club"—how the names recalled Emily herself. A swift pang of compunction seized him. Was it possible, then, that only five months her image was fading from his mind? He continued absent to empty drawers and pigeon holes. More neat packages, half a dozen unanswered letters, and a few note books—that was all. \* \* \* Yes, undoubtedly Emma was already becoming to him something shadowy and vague. How was it? It rather galled him to avoid the unexplored depths of his mind, but the moment of self-revelation was no longer to be postponed. He had been shocked, unmoved, horrified by that sudden tragedy; but underneath all that, could he deny the existence of a shameful undercurrent of feeling, a persistent, ever-growing joy in freedom regained? And yet, what a good wife she had been; how practical, careful of his interests, unobtrusive. In a thousand ways, large and small, he would be the loser. A good wife, but—yes, that was surely it—she had never conquered, never even entered the kingdom of his mind. And where she had never entered, could she ever be missed? Once in that kingdom there had dwelt indeed a woman, but she was not Emily.

He turned with an impatient sigh. In the doorway stood Allison. Of course, it was a dream, but he was conscious of a certain admiration of himself as a dreamer. He had remembered to make her look older—oh, quite five years older.  
"Poor Mark!" she said, softly.  
He started. Then it was not a dream?  
"I have only just heard," she explained, gently. "We've been in town for a day or two, and Mrs. Heriton has just told me about—Emily. I asked her for your address, and came straight on." She held out her hands in eager sympathy. He felt her fingers cold beneath her gloves. Quite naturally he unbuttoned and drew them off, as though they had never parted in bitter silence more than five years ago.  
"You must get warm," he said, gently, and led her to the fire.  
"Do you think," Allison asked, tremulously, "that—she suffered much?"  
He shook his head. "Not at all; the doctors said it must have been instantaneous."  
Allison bounded in swift relief. "Ah, I'm glad. But—oh, it's hard to realize! We were just the same age, and twenty-four is so young to die, and we used to be—to see so much of each other."  
"Why had she stopped short of the word 'friends'?" he wondered.  
"And to die like that!" she murmured.  
He thought he could guess what she meant. "There was nothing—nothing—" he began. He wanted to explain that death had spared Emily the last indignity of being revolting in its form, but he could find no words.  
She nodded in swift comprehension. "Yes, yes, I know what you mean. It had been awful—that."  
He looked up with a grateful thrill. Emily had never understood a half-finished sentence.  
"You were going through her papers?" Allison asked, glancing at the open desk.  
"Yes."  
She leaned forward with sudden eagerness. "What is that?"  
"Which?"  
She rose and picked up one of the notebooks. "Ah, it is!" she said, and began to turn the pages.  
"Allison!"  
She looked up in quick defiance. "It's my own," she said.  
"Your own?"  
"Yes; my diary that I lost five and a half years ago."  
The bewilderment in his face was not to be mistaken.  
"You didn't take it?" she asked, slowly.  
"I? Allison, you can't seriously think I did that?"  
She was silent, but they read the same thought in each other's eyes.  
"Then it must have been—" He stopped. Why say what was obvious? And Allison's gesture was eloquent. Emily was dead.  
She frowned thoughtfully. "Then you haven't known, Mark, all these years, what was in my diary."  
He shook his head.  
She looked at him in grave wonder. "Then what made you change to me?" He bit his lip. Did she think that five years could heal such wounds?  
"Have you forgotten?" he asked.  
"I never knew," she said, steadily. "I saw that you grew cold; I knew you had ceased to love me. Could the reason why have comforted me?"  
"I thought you must have guessed," he murmured.  
"Oh, I guessed and guessed. And I



"IT'S MY OWN," ALLISON SAID.

decided that you had considered yourself entitled to read my diary—"  
"Allison!"  
"And to be offended by its contents. But that, you say, was a wrong guess."  
"Yes."  
"Then—"  
"Allison, did you never treat me to my face as though you liked me—when we were alone—and behind my back make fun of me, caricature me, criticize my clothes, my walk, my way of speaking and laughing?" He spoke with quiet bitterness.  
She nodded sympathetically. "Often. Most of it's in the diary."  
"Must I repeat that I know nothing of the diary, I—heard?"  
"You heard?" Her look was questioning. "I think you ought to tell me something, if only one thing, that you heard."  
He was silent.  
"It's only fair," she urged.  
He looked up desperately. "Well, didn't you, for instance, say that I reminded you of Matthew Arnold's definition of the Albanian creed—'Learned sciences, with a strong dash of temper'?"  
She laughed a little. "I'd forgotten, but I do believe I did." She turned the leaves of the diary rapidly. "Yes, here it is: 'March 18.—Emily resumed cross-examination. Wanted to know if I didn't consider his scientific learning colossal, unparalleled, etc. Quoted Ar-

nold on the Athanasian creed to her. Shock satisfactory."  
He was looking at her with startled eyes. "The date," he breathed; "what date did you say?"  
She referred to the diary. "March 18."  
"But—that was before we were engaged."  
"Oh, yes."  
"But—Emily—"  
"Ah, I sometimes thought—"  
Their eyes met. "Don't!" she said, breathlessly. "I see, I see."  
He began to see, too.  
"I have always wondered," she murmured, "why you didn't understand, even if you had read every word of the diary. I felt sure you would see it was all in self-defense. Could a girl bear to let people think she cared for a man before he had spoken? There were girls who did it—her momentary hesitation revealed to him as clearly as words that Emily had been one of them, and he reddened—but—but that only sent me flying to the other extreme. When people tried to—to pump me about you, I said anything—laughed, mocked, mimicked, caricatured—in sheer terror lest anyone should discover how much I cared."  
He nodded. "I never knew," he said, slowly. "I was told—I thought all the things that came to my ears were said by you after we were engaged."  
"Mark!" she said, and her voice quivered.  
He was walking restlessly up and down. "Our insane pride!" he groaned. "If only we had spoken—asked questions—"  
"Yes."  
"Yes," she agreed, tremulously, and through both their minds passed a flash of wonder that Emily should have proved so good a judge of character, should have calculated on just that proud silence with which they had met catastrophe. And yet—she must have been in some doubt, or why had she removed Allison's only proof, the diary?"  
Suddenly Allison arose. "I must go, Mark. I acted on a sudden impulse in coming, and my impulses are always wrong." Her smile was very sad.  
"Not this one," he urged, eagerly. "Allison, not this one! You are in town? I shall see you again?"  
She answered his unspoken thought. "Ah, Mark, has life led you to expect such miracles?"  
"Allison!" he implored, "you'll forgive me—some day?"  
"Forgive?" She turned away with a sigh. "It would have been hard, wouldn't it?" she mused, "if I had married five years ago?"  
He caught his breath. "Allison! You didn't?"  
She shook her head. "No; I didn't; that would have been only hard." She turned towards the door. "Really, I must go, or I shall miss the train."  
His voice was heavy with disappointment. "Then you aren't on a visit in town?"  
She stood still. "A visit in town?" she echoed, and her lips were white.

"Oh, no." Suddenly she swayed toward him. "Help me, Mark," she breathed, piteously.  
He bent and kissed her hands. "My dear! My sweet!" He stopped with a hoarse cry. "Allison, you said you—"  
He pointed to one of her hands.  
"It wasn't five years ago," she gasped. "Oh, Mark, if it had been, I think—I could have forgiven her."  
His eyes questioned her passionately. With a little cry she released her hands and stumbled to the door.  
"Don't go, Allison," he implored.  
She shook her head. "I must. Don't you understand?" She turned for an instant. "Didn't I tell you it wasn't a visit?" Her voice broke. "Mark! Mark! Don't look at me. There are no miracles! It's a honeymoon."—Pennsylvania Grit.

**DO CLEVER GIRLS MARRY?**

London Thinks Education and Domesticity Do Not Go Together.  
"Shall we not be justified soon in asking women to produce certificates of competency as to domesticity? Is not the time at hand when women should cease their unreasonable competition with men?"  
These questions, propounded by Prof. Armstrong at the meeting of the British association recently, were taken up by several well-known people, says the London Daily Mail. Mrs. Ruth Homan, a leader of the movement for the teaching of housewifery to the girls of England, gave the following answer to the professor of chemistry:  
"The more educated a woman is the more keen she is to learn. Many university women after marriage come to me to learn all they can about the care of a house and of children."  
"For this reason I think the educated girl makes the best housewife and the best mother. They also realize how necessary it is that other girls and women should be trained in domestic knowledge and so you find that all new organizations for training the working woman in the management of a house and the care of children are started by educated ladies and carried on by them."  
"I would not send my four daughters to college," said Mrs. Luther Gulick of New York. "I think girls ought to go slowly through a high school and then specialize in some branch of domestic training or in something whereby they can earn their living. I am unlike many American women in thinking so, but I believe a reaction will set in against the college or university training of girls. Only about 50 or 62 per cent of them marry after taking the higher course."  
Dr. Luis Sillarro, professor of experimental psychology at the University of Madrid, said the question had not arisen in Spain. He almost wished it would. "A woman in Spain is a woman in the true sense of the word," said the professor; "rather too much so. She has but one idea and that is to be docile and obedient to her husband. The principal depend on upon which a woman depends in Spain is whether she is pretty and whether the man considers her so."

**A Case of Scotch Shrewdness.**

In a small town in the Midlands there is a rich congregation which is not characterized by lavish liberality, says a London paper.  
Time after time the minister had vainly appealed to his people to contribute more generously to the funds of the church. The members would, indeed, give something, but it was nearly always the smallest silver coin of the realm that was placed on the plate.  
A shrewd Scotchman, who had recently come to the place and joined the church, was not long in noticing this state of affairs, and a remedy soon suggested itself to his practical mind.  
"I tell you what," he said, to one of the officials, "if you make me treasurer I'll engage to double the collections in three months."  
His offer was promptly accepted, and, sure enough, the collections began to increase, until by the time he had stated they were nearly twice as much as formerly.  
"How have you managed it, Mr. Sandymann?" said the pastor to him one day.  
"It's a great secret," returned the canny Scot, "but I'll tell you in confidence. The folk, I saw, mainly gave three-penny bits. Well, when I got the money every Sabbath evening, I carefully picked out the sma' coins and put them by. Now as there's only a limited number of three-penny pieces in a little place like this, and as I have maist o' them at present under lock and key, the folk maun give sixpences, at least, instead. That's the way the collections are doubled."

**SLEEP BROKEN BY ITCHING.**

**Remedy Covered Whole Body for a Year—No Relief Until Cuticura Remedies Prove a Success.**  
"For a year I have had what they call eczema. I had an itching all over my body, and when I would retire for the night it would keep me awake half the night, and the more I would scratch, the more it would itch. I tried all kinds of remedies, but could get no relief.  
"I used one cake of Cuticura Soap, one box of Cuticura, and two vials of Cuticura Resolvent Pills, which cost me a dollar and twenty-five cents in all, and am very glad I tried them, for I was completely cured. Walter W. Pag-Tusch, 207 N. Robey St., Chicago, Ill., Oct. 8 and 10, 1906."

**Patience.**

After many years of experimenting the people of the earth had succeeded in establishing communication with Mars. But the signals received were utterly unintelligible.  
Many years more were spent in vain in trying to decipher them.  
They did not bear the slightest resemblance to any language known on this earth.  
Efforts then were made to communicate with some planet whose learned men could interpret the signals.  
The only responses received appeared to be couched in even worse gibberish than the written dialects of Mars.  
Finding it impossible to secure the services of any planet as an interpreter, the effort was abandoned.  
"Go to Jupiter!" recklessly signaled the earth—and tore down its signal stations.

**Inquisitive Youth.**

Amny—Willie, an angel brought you mamma such a nice summer brother for you last night. Wouldn't you like to see the dear little baby?  
Willie—No; but I'd like to see the angel.—London Punch.

**Carefully Concealed.**

The McSwats had returned from their vacation.  
"Now, Billiger," said Mrs. McSwat, "where did you hide the jewelry that we didn't take along with us?"  
"You hurried me so, Lobelia," he answered, "that I've forgotten just where, but I know it's either stuck behind some of the rafters in the top attic or buried in the coal pile in the basement."  
So many people are unreliable that lately we are beginning to suspect our own statements.  
After a man marries, he makes the startling discovery that his wife also "loves" a cat.

**Perfect Womanhood**

The greatest menace to woman's permanent happiness in life is the suffering that comes from some derangement of the female system. Many thousands of women have realized this too late to save their health, barely in time to save their lives.

To be a successful wife, to obtain the love and admiration of her husband, should be a woman's constant study.

If a woman finds that her energies are flagging, that she gets easily tired, dark shadows appear under her eyes, she has backache, headache, bearing-down sensations, nervousness, irregularities or the "blues," she should start at once to build up her system by a tonic with specific powers, such as

**Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**

the great woman's remedy for woman's ills, made only of roots and herbs. It cures Female Complaints, such as Dragging Sensations, Weak Back, Falling and Displacements, Inflammation and Ulceration, and All Organic Diseases, and is invaluable in the Change of Life. It dissolves and Expels Tumors at an early stage. Subdues Faintness, Nervous Prostration, Exhaustion, and strengthens and tones the Stomach. Cures Headache, General Debility, Indigestion, and invigorates the whole female system. It is an excellent remedy for derangements of the Kidneys in either sex.

About the first thing the doctor says—How are your bowels?  
Then, "Let's see your tongue."  
Because bad tongue and bad bowels go together. Regulate the bowels, clean up the tongue. We all know that this is the way to keep well.  
You can't keep the bowels healthy and regular with purges or bird-shot pills. They move you with awful gripes, then you're worse than ever.  
Now what you want is Cascarets. Go and get them today—Cascarets—in metal box—cost 10c. Eat them like candy, and they will work gently—while you sleep. They cure, that means they strengthen the muscular walls of the bowels, give them new life. Then they act regularly and naturally. That's what you want. Cure guaranteed. Be sure you get Cascarets. Sample and booklet free. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.

**W. L. DOUGLAS**

**\$3.00 & \$3.50 SHOES** BEST IN THE WORLD  
DO NOT SHOP FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY AT ALL PRICES. USE  
**\$25,000** Reward (More Men's \$3 & \$3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer.)  
THE REASON W. L. Douglas shoes are worn by more people in all walks of life than any other make, is because of their exact style, easy-fitting, and superior wearing qualities. The selection of the leathers and other materials for each part of the shoe, and every detail of the making is looked after by the most complete organization of superintendents, foremen, and skilled shoemakers, who receive the highest wages paid in the shoe industry, and whose workmanship cannot be excelled.  
If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer and are of greater value than any other make.  
My \$3.00 and \$3.50 Gilt Edge Shoes cannot be equaled at any price.  
CUTICURA. Ask your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you, send direct to factory. Shoes sent every where by mail. Catalog free. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

**London's Exposition in 1906.**  
An exposition in London is officially announced for the summer of 1906, to include science, art, products, manufactures and systems of education of the whole British Empire, together with those of France and all her colonies. The preliminary arrangements were made last November between the officials of the governments named and a site for the exhibition agreed upon.

**Now Open for Settlement**

Some of the choicest lands in the grain growing belts of Saskatchewan and Alberta have recently been opened for settlement under the Revised Homestead Regulations of Canada. Thousands of homesteads of 160 acres each are now available. The new regulations make it possible for entry to be made by filing the opportunity that may in the United States have been waiting for. Any member of a family may make entry for any other person of the land of a family, or be entitled to make entry for himself at himself. Entry may be made before the Agent or Sub-Agent of the District by proxy (on certain conditions), by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

Free Western Canada

**FREE**

To convince any woman that PAXTINE is the best Antiseptic will improve her health and do all we claim for it. We will send her absolutely free a large box of Paxtine with book of instructions and genuine testimonials. Send your name and address on a postal card.

**PAXTINE**

For all kinds of skin diseases, such as eczema, itching, and inflammation caused by fermentation of the skin. It is a powerful antiseptic and gives immediate relief. Thousands of women are using and recommending it. Every day 50 cents at drug stores. Beware of cheap imitations. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY IT.

ATTN: W. PAXTIN CO., Boston, Mass.

**FREE**

To convince any woman that PAXTINE is the best Antiseptic will improve her health and do all we claim for it. We will send her absolutely free a large box of Paxtine with book of instructions and genuine testimonials. Send your name and address on a postal card.

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ATTN: W. PAXTIN CO., Boston, Mass.

**Anything to Please.**  
Servant girl No. 23 was inquiring into his qualifications to become her employer. He had answered five questions with apparent satisfaction, and his hopes were running high. Then the fatal question: "How many children have you?"  
"Two," he answered, reddening with his sense of guilt.  
"Nothing doing," was the flippant response. "I never enter a family where there are children."  
His strained patience snapped. He seized her by the arm.  
"Say," he whispered hoarsely; "come with me and I'll throw the children out of the window. Nay, more, I'll divorce my wife and marry you. Anything else that you want? Just mention it, and it shall be done."  
Chicago Inter Ocean.

**DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS**

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES  
GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, BACKACHE

375 "Guaranteed"

After a man marries, he makes the startling discovery that his wife also "loves" a cat.

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